SWEET POLLY's

GARLAND,

Compoſed of ſeveral Excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. Sweet Polly. The Anſwer.
II. Through the Wood Laddie. The Anſwer.
III. The True-hearted Woman.
IV. A New Song call'd Grandywell
V. The Hunting Song.

Licenced and Entered according to Order.

SWEET POLLY'S GARLAND,

Sweet POLLY

DOwn in yon country lives a pretty dame,
She's call'd ſweet Polly always by her name,
Her cheeks are like cherries her lips like dew,
There's none in this world I can fancy but you.

How can I be eaſy or compoſed in mind,
To leave Polly my fancy and jewel behind,
I'll go to the Ocean and ſail it all through,
Unleſs that my Polly proves true.

If I had one Thouſand Pounds laid up n ſtore,
I'd give it to Polly had I as much more,
I'd throw out my net to catch her in a ſnare,
And bring her home I vow and declare.

Was I a Fiſherman by the tide,
And Polly a ſalmon ſwimming by my ſide,
I'd throw out &c.
And bring her &c.

If you ſee Polly going to the fair,
She's the toaſt of the country I do declare,
With her roſy cheeks and golden hair,
None in the world can with her compare.

My

My love's ſweeter than larks that ſing,
Or the pleaſant herbs that doth bring,
The Lilly is not fairer than ſhe,
I'll die for her ſake if ſhe kinder be.

My love's like a roſe in a garden ſteep,
Her neck like a ſwan ſwimming in the deep,
Ye Gods! ſend the time ſoon to be,
When I ſhall enjoy Polly and Polly me.

Her breath's ſweet as violets her eyes like ſloes,
When e'er I behold her my heart o'erflows;
If her friends be contented together we'll go
To this make an anſwer, love, ſay ay or no.

The Anſwer to ſweet POLLY.

DOwn by yon river I heard a fine ſong,
The voice was moſt ſweet, the theme was not long
From a beautiful creature her voice was ſo clear,
I'd thought myſelf happy had my love been ſo near.

And ſtill all her cry was, my dear come away,
'Tis for thy ſweet ſake, love, long I do ſtay,
I drew a little nigh to a tree that was green,
The leaves they did ſhade me I could not be ſeen.

It was not long after when a young man came by
With his curl'd black hair and a black rolling eye,
He ſaluted his miſtreſs and by her ſat down,
Then their ruby red lips together did join.

I ſaw by her bluſhes her true love was come,
He ſaluted his true love, ſhe bade him ſit down,
Her colour went from her, and ſo came again,
She was ſeized with love ſo great was her pain,

What ſays my fair one, to thy will I reſign
What pleaſes your fancy ſhall always pleaſe mine,
They join'd heart and hand, to the church they did go
Now Collin and Polly lives conſtant and true.

Through the Wood Laddie. the new Way.

O *Sandy* why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me
When naething can pleaſe me;
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me
When naething can pleaſe me.
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or *through the wood Laddie* until thou return;
Thro' the wood Laddie,
Thro' the wood Laddie,
Thro' the wood Laddie,
Thro' the wood Laddie.
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or *thro' the wood Laddie* until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'ricks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When *thro' the wood Laddie* ye dinna appear.

That

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell,
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning,
Their jeering gaes to my heart wi' a knell
When *thro' the wood Laddie* I wander my ſell.
Then ſtay my dear *Sandy* nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow
Haſt here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When *thro' the wood Laddie* we'll dance, ſing and play.

Anſwer to thro' the wood Laddie.

To the ſame Tune.

BEHOLD my dear Nelly thy Sandy ſo gay,
Wha nae mair will wander
Frae Nelly aſunder;
By dell, bourn, or Hawthorn, we'll ſport and we'll play.
Or thro' the wood Laſſie we'll gang a' the Day,
The woods are baith bonny, and Mornings are Clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;

Yet none doth ſae pleaſure mine Eye or mine Ears,
As thro' the wood Laſſie thou chaunting appears,
That thou wert forſaken; Oh ſpare me to tell,
Thy doubtings I'll baniſh,
Thy fears ſhall a' vaniſh,
Nor jeers gae nae maer, to thy heart wi' a knell,
Nor thro' the wood Laſſie, ſhall wander thyſell.
So to kirk let us haſte, then, dear Nelly away,
Then ſhame to their ſcorning,
When evening and morning,
They'll ſee us ſo loving throughout the lang Day,
Whilſt thro' the wood Laſſie we'll Sing, Dance and Play.

The True-Hearted Woman,

YOU true hearted women take warning by me,
And never truſt a young man in any degree,
For I am croſt in love, and love does me controul,
And I once lov'd a young man as dear as my ſoul:
Oh the torments of love how they torture my breaſt,
For my falſe hearted Billy I ne'er can take reſt.
For now he has left me, for another girl's ſake,
Of joy he's bereft me, my poor heart will break.
Oh, I ne'er ſhall be able to expreſs all his charms,
Oh the vows that he made when he lay in my arms,
Oh, my ſoul it will melt, poor heart it will burſt,
Oh, inconſtant Billy! to prove ſo unjuſt.
If you had but told me your heart was not true,
I ne'er ſhould have placed my affection on you,
But you told me your heart was wrapt up in your breaſt
I ne'er no never, no more ſhall have reſt.
Oh, remember the vows that you made day and night
When you ſaid your Nancy was all you delight.
Tho' my body is baſe, and my heart ſtill you have.
And I'll ſilently mourn, till I go to the Grave.
Farewell falſe Billy, and for ever adieu,
I am ruined for ever by loving of you:
When love's fooliſh fancy comes into my head,
I've kiſt the ground where I thought you've tread.
Sometimes I have curſt you, to think how you prove,
But why ſhould I curſe the man that I love;
Oh, bleſs his dear tongue, that word do repeat,
I wiſh I could languiſh and die at his feet;
Although my poor heart will be eaſy no more,
The name of my Billy I'll ever adore,
Altho' he is the lad that cauſed my Smart,
I'll ſing forth theſe lines to eaſe my poor Heart.

A New Song, call'd, Grandywell.

A Courier from Parkgate away he ſet ſail,
In his Majeſty's Yatch to Court Grandywell.
With great Entertainments in Thoughts to prevail,
To riffle the Charms of Grandywell.
Sing Duthero Bubero. Grandywell,
The Fox in the trap and is caught by the tail,
Fill up your Bowls, let your glaſs never fail,
Succeſs to the Sons of Grandywell.

Says Daſey to Grandy if that you will do
Bring your Fortune to London, I'll do for you too,
You ſhall have Pleaſure that ſhall never fail,
I'll Correl Poor Shamerek brave Grandywell,
And Sing, &c-

Says Grandy to Daſey if that I ſhou'd do,
Bring my Fortune to London my Children would rue,
They would juſt be like Highlanders eating long Kail,
And curſing the Union ſays Grandywell.
And Sing, &c.

Do you remember the firſt Stone that was put in,
By the Side of your Church by the leave of your King,
The worſt of the Stone was weigh'd in a Scale,
To ballance and Juſtice ſays Grandywell.
And Sing, &c.

Says Grandy I always love to be free,
No Fops ſhall betray me in my Liberty,
There's Limerick and Dane and fort Kinſale,
I'll kiſs but never marry ſays Grandywell.
And Sing, &c.

Says Grandy I always was true to my King,
In War I ſupply him with Money and Men,
With great Entertainments, in blood we did ſail,
To Didiagham Battle ſays Grandywell.
And Sing, &c

Now my dear Boys we have got ſhot of the Bags,
I pray my dear Children lie cloſe to your Rags,
They'll hide like a Snake, and bite, I'll be Bail,
We'll give them Shalalie ſays Grandywell.
And Sing, &c

The Hunting SONG.

THe Sun from the East tips the Mountains with Gold,
And the Meadows all spangled with Dew-drops, behold
How the [illegible] early Matin proclaims the new Day,
And the Huntsman's chearful Summons rebukes our Delay:
With the Sports of the Field there's no pleasure can vie,
While Jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the Hounds in full Cry.

Let the Drudge of the Town make Riches his Sport,
And the Slave of the State hunt the Smiles of the Court,
No care nor Ambition nor patience annoy,
But Innocence still gives Zest to our joy,
With the Sport of the Field, &c.

Mankind all are Hunters in various Degree,
The Priest hunts a Living, the Lawyer a Fee;
The Doctor a Patient, the Courtier a place,
They often like us are flung out with Disgrace.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

The Cit hunts a Plum; the Soldier hunts Fame,
The Poet a Dinner, the Patriot a Name,
And the artful Coquette tho she seems to refuse,
Yet in Spite of her Airs she her Lover pursues,
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

Let the Bold and the Busy, hunt Glory and Wealth,
All the Blessing we ask is the Blessing of Health;
With Hounds and with Horns thro' the Woodlands to roam,
And tired Abroad find Contentment at Home,
With the Sport of the Field there's no Pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the Hounds in full Cry.

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